

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885, and Made Famous in the Celebrated Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max Q'Roll.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

TENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1894.

NUMBER 11.

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Men's Suits from \$5 up.
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You will make more than your expenses, though, if you come in person and make your selections.

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The leading house for FANCY DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS and NOTIONS. Always have Big Drives. Special attention to Mail Orders.

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When this question goes around the Business Circle the answer comes back, "The one who can give the best values for the least money. Having been in the market a season when the jobbers were cleaning up, I have been able to purchase some rare bargains, which shall be the gain of my customers. Give me your ears while I quote you prices:

Ladies Cloaks.....	75 and up.	Men's Heavy Overcoats.....	\$2.00 and up.
Ladies' Coarse Shoes.....	50 "	Ladies' Fine Shoes.....	30 "
Men's Heavy Kip Boots.....	2.00 "	Men's Fine Shoes.....	1.00 "
A good Calico at only 5 cents per yard.			

NO TIME, but MORE GOODS FOR THE MONEY than can be had elsewhere. Very respectfully, &c.,
G. W. ROBINSON,
CAMPTON, KY.

J. TAYLOR DAY,

Dealer in General Merchandise on a Cash Basis.
Largest Stock.—Lowest Prices.

TRADERS DEPOSIT BANK,

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CAPITAL, \$200,000. | SURPLUS, \$30,000.
J. M. BIGSTAFF, President.
G. L. KIRKPATRICK, Vice President.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cashier.

We respectfully solicit the business of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky. A general banking business done. Give us a chance to send you a bank book, pay your checks, and loan you money when in need.
W. W. THOMPSON, Cash.

Clay City National Bank,

CLAY CITY, KY.

Capital.....\$50,000.
FLOYD DAY, President.
J. F. COX, Cashier.

No Bank in Eastern Kentucky has better vaults, nor better facilities for keeping your account. Managed entirely by home people who know you and who are always ready to accommodate you.
Money to loan on reasonable rates. Call on us.

Clark County National Bank

MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, KY.

JOHN W. BEAN, President.
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Capital, \$200,000. | Surplus, \$100,000.
Undivided Profits, \$35,900.

Organized 1865, being the oldest bank in the county. Collections made on all points, and your business solicited.

Buy your writing paper at this office, and you will save only 10 cents. It is the best you'll like it.

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R. D. HUNTER, Cashier.
Paid up Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus, \$60,000.00.

This Bank solicits the accounts of merchants, farmers, traders and business men generally throughout Eastern Kentucky, and offers its customers every facility, and the most liberal terms within the limits of legitimate banking.
oct18,1y

VICTOR + BOGAERT,

Manufacturing Jeweler,
17 E. Short Street,
LEXINGTON, KY.

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Reliable Goods. Fair Dealing and Bottom Prices. All Goods and Work Guaranteed.

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WEST LIBERTY, KY.

With **Bettman Bros. & Co.**
MANUFACTURERS OF CLOTHING,
10 West Post Street, CINCINNATI.
The trade of Eastern Kentucky merchants is respectfully solicited.

H. H. MAUPIN
D. H. CARPENTER,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.
fe6,1y CATLETTSBURG, KY.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

A Former Citizen of This Place Talks of Affairs in the Lone Star State.

GEORGETOWN, TEXAS, May 27.—W. D. Nickell, our much esteemed fellow-citizen and townsman, died at his home yesterday. Mr. Nickell had been the leading druggist of Georgetown for a number of years. He also owned a large amount of Texas prairie lands, and for the last few months was editor of the Georgetown Democrat. The doctors say Mr. Nickell caused his own death by the excessive use of cigarettes.

A young gentleman whose name I do not remember and Judge Chessier's daughter of this place left one day last week for parts unknown. The old judge seems to be a little angry over the affair, and is riding the road now with his Winchester in search of the little truant. He says his daughter knew it was strictly against his rules for her to leave home without first getting his consent.

There was quite a stir in Georgetown yesterday. The Three party folks held a convention and nominated candidates for all the offices. I believe except the presidency. I understand that they nominated the banker of Hutto for the office of representative, which will likely cause a division in the party.

The commencement at the great Southwestern University begins next Friday. A number of students from other schools will be here and we contemplate a good time in general.

The prospect for good crop so far is the best that has been in Texas for a number of years.

THE HERALD comes to us every week neat as a new pin, chock full of good news.

Success to Mr. Sam Henry Wilson.
WESTENER.

Tow linen and linsey used to be considered the proper trim for ladies' dresses in old Kentucky. Then came prints of various kinds, and a little later merino, etc. Now, however, a lady in Kentucky can dress as well as one in Paris, France, provided she knows where to buy, and no class of women look so well as our own mountain beauties when they are dressed up. Samuel & King, Mr. Sterling, carry a complete line of the finest dress goods in cheap, medium and high priced grades, and there is no excuse for the ladies of the mountains not dressing as well as their sisters in other sections. When you go to Mt. Sterling give the above firm a call and you will be well pleased.

STILL HIDDEN.

A Strange Story of Wealth, Mystery and Death.

William Wineman, a middle aged man, died in the hospital at Montgomery, Alabama, last Thursday, and on his deathbed told an interesting story. He came from Walnut Ridge, Tennessee, several years ago, and settled at Hot Springs, Ark. Shortly afterward there moved to Hot Springs from West Point, Ga., a physician whose name was not stated, and he and Wineman became great friends. Last winter the doctor became ill of a lingering fever. Wineman nursed him most tenderly throughout until his death. An hour or two before he died, and while his reason was entirely intact, he called his friend to him in consideration of his love for him and of his kindly attention he desired to make him a present. The dying man said that under a certain rock near the root of a certain tree, about three miles from West Point, Ga., he had buried with his own hands \$14,000 in gold money. He made a will giving Wineman a title to the money, and appended to it a diagram or map intended to show the location of the treasure. Wineman had his friend properly buried and went at once to West Point to find the money. Fearing lest he should let his secret out, he searched unaided and in a mysterious way, principally at night. The citizens interpreted his movements as suspicious. Seeing him go out after dark with stick and ax, they spotted him for a grave robber, or other lawbreaker, and warned him to leave the neighborhood. This and a lack of ready funds caused him to leave back to Montgomery, where he secured employment. He was just preparing to resume the search for the hidden treasure when sickness overtook him. His ante-mortem statement is as above detailed. He has only one relative in this country, a brother who lives in New York.

The time was when a young man in this country who had a buckskin suit was "out of sight" and "dressed to kill" in the eyes of the pretty girls, and a man now living in Mt. Sterling told us a few years since that when he got his first buckskin breeches he thought he was the best dressed boy in the world. But all that was long ago, and now the young man is only satisfied with one of the handsome suits furnished by Sharp, Frimble and Denton, the Mt. Sterling clothiers. So when you want something nice give them a call.

Judge Jewell, of Lexington, threatens to sue several aldermen of that city for contempt of court.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

WHEN IN LEXINGTON

VISIT MARCH'S,



24 W. Main Street,
—FOR—
Furniture,
CARPETS
AND STOVES.
MONEY SAVED
ON
EVERY ARTICLE.

Spot Cash!

C. B. Ross, Jr., & Co.
LEXINGTON.

In justice to ourselves, we have adopted the Cash System! And every living creature that buys goods from this date will be required to pay

SPOT CASH!

We do this because we are driven to it. Those who owe will not pay. When you read this ask yourself the question, "Do I owe Pieratt & Co. anything?"

And if so, don't wait to be dunned, but come and pay, or in 10 days you will hear it thunder!

Thanking you for past favors, and hoping to merit a good share of your trade, we are, Respectfully,

H. F. PIERATT & CO.

I. DINGFELDER, WITH
J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co.
Importers and Jobbers of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,
Nos. 587, 589 and 541—
West Main Street,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

We are Sole Agents for
Foster's Kid Gloves,
Featherbone Corsets
Standard Patterns.
C. B. Ross, Jr. & Co.
Lexington

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

Jesus Christ was and is, Altogether Lovely.

Altogether His Appearance is an Artistic Guess—Dr. Lumsden Draws Some Beautiful Lessons From the Savior's Attractiveness.

The subject of Dr. Lumsden's sermon Sunday was "Fairest of the Fair," the text chosen being Solomon's Song 8: 16: "He is altogether lovely." The human race has, during centuries, been improving. For a while it deflected and degenerated, and from all can read, for ages the whole tendency was toward perdition. But under the ever-widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is seventy-five per cent. more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of the past centuries, we considered the grand looking men and the attractive women of two hundred years ago. I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries, as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity, would be in our time considered deformed and repulsive and complete. The fact that many men and women in antediluvian times were right and ten feet high tended to make the human race obnoxious rather than winning. The fact that certain of human flesh did not care to the charms of the world.

But in our climate and in our age did the ever appearing and the physical attractiveness could be compared to Him whom your text celebrates, thousands of years before He put His infant foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was and is, altogether lovely. The physical appearance of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned, others a blonde or light complexioned. St. John, of Damascus, writing eleven hundred years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents him with beard black and curly, eyebrows joined together, and yellow complexion and to those who face his mother." An author writing 1,500 years ago represent Christ as a blonde: "His hair the color of wine and golden at the root; straight and without curl, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the center after the fashion of the Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, his face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom; his countenance ingenious and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair, and forked in the middle, blue and extremely brilliant."

My opinion is that it was a Jewish face. His mother was a Jewess, and there is so much of the earth mother in the Jewish womanhood. Alas! that He lived so long before the Daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known the face of Christ. I know that sculpture and painting were born long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the face, the eyes, the hair, the nose, the chin, the lips, the mouth, the ears, the face or face of our Lord? Polygnotus, the painter, put down his picture 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up, and give us the face of our Lord? The least the eyes of the world—what sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literary artist, who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the shadow darkening of the heavens at the approach of the Egyptian near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as a peculiar eclipse of the sun, and saying: "Either the Deity suffers or sympathizes with some suffering man." Dionysius might have put his pen to the work, and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But no! The fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and appearance of the peasant, among whom Christ appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or until more than fourteen hundred years after Christ, that talented painters attempted by pencil to give us the idea of the appearance of Christ before that time were so offensive that the council at Constantinople forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century, presented Christ's face on two canvases, yet the one was a repulsive face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Dürer's face of Christ is an expressionless face. The mightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made signal failure in attempting to give the appearance of Christ's face on two canvases, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the lips, the chin, the ears, the face of our Lord.

But about his face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. His face is only the curtain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in the face. It is as much as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features,

but kindness as the lifelong, dominant habit will produce attractiveness of the countenance as the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard-visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he tries to caress them, they rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But suppose there was in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mother's arms. They could not hold their children back. "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But the fact made an infantile excitement still livelier by His saying that He liked children better than govern people, declaring: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Alas! for those people who do not like children. They had better stay out of Heaven, for that place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that He takes them to Him before the world has time to despise and hate them, and to those who face the windows of the Palace, and on the steps, and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew, or Mark, or Luke tells us that He calls them to Him, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers, and lakes, and oceans, was cleanly in His appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy, not because it was distressing, but because it was unclean. His curative words were: "I will be to thee clean." He declared Himself in favor of thorough washing, and opposed to superficial washing, when He denounced the hypocrites for making clean only the "outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying: "Now are ye clean, and giving thanks to those who wash their faces, and to a blind man whom He was restoring: "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam."

He Himself actually washed the disciples' feet. I suppose not only to demonstrate his own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed, for I know personally that although He mingled much among very rough populations and took long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured His lock, which were never worn except in the case of all His habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was also an established habit of His life. In addition to the water He drank the juice of the grape. When at the table, the evening, He made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as the sea is unlike the water. His calm pulses are different from the oxymys of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage, no logwood, or nuxvomica. The tippers and the soberers now quote the wine making in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century forget that the wine of the Cana wedding was made had two characteristics: the one that the Lord made it, and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day, and send a barrel of it around to my cellar. You can not make me believe that the blessed Christ, who went up and down healing the sick, would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined; or that he who calmed the waves of the sea, would create that style of drink which would do more than anything else to fill insane asylums; or that He who was so helpful to the poor, would make a style of drink which would fill the earth with peris; or that He who came to save the nations from sin, would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime and suffering of the present century. A lovely sobriety was written all over his face, from the hair-line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Domesticity was also His habit. Thought too poor to have a home of His own. He went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and on a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from my Central Park, or walk from my home to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. I like the quietude of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

Now He enjoyed handling over the resurrected body to his mother, and the resurrected body was as strong as constructing, osteomasts which disease or death was breaking up. As the song "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no idea of the resurrection of the body, Christ added to His appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, he was lovely in His sympathy. But to me it is about the most distressful complaint. It inflames, and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphanics, commands its cure. And what an eye-opener He was for opening the long-closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge; and straightening crooked backs without the use of a straightener. He was the whole choir of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear; and giving the stoical nervous system to cataplectic sympathy. He did not give us any stoical advice, or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them.

It is spoken of the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest—"Jesus wept." Ah! many of us know the meaning of that. When we were in great trouble, and we had no one to sympathize with and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way, and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in, and without saying a word sat down and burst into a flood of tears at sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see, it was a deeply attached household, that of Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them, "Now Mary, now Martha, stop your worrying. I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls, you can depend on me!"

But now Lazarus was sick; yes, Lazarus was sick, and he was alone. His sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much for Him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it, that he choked up and sobbed, and wept, and wept, and wept down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you cry that mode of helping? You say, "I have a man for you, words," or "I have a woman for you, words." You dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

John was so sure that you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come and talked, and nearly all prayed with me, and did it they could not console us. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big-souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my eyes, and said, "Put your hand on me." He said, "I have been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it, that he choked up and sobbed, and wept, and wept, and wept down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you cry that mode of helping? You say, "I have a man for you, words," or "I have a woman for you, words." You dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

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I think that is what makes Christ such a man to sympathize with. He is so many who want sympathy. His Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, who was in the chapel one day talking to the ladies, and he said, "I have been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it, that he choked up and sobbed, and wept, and wept, and wept down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you cry that mode of helping? You say, "I have a man for you, words," or "I have a woman for you, words." You dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

reaching self-sacrifice of the "Altogether Lovely." Do you wonder that the story of His sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 500,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For Him Heliand was put to death, and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw she was put in a net and that net shut and she was thrust to a wild bull, that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! "Albigenses dying for Christ! Smith's first martyr, commonly called the bones of martyr, if disturbed, would make a path of molding life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Savior's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for Him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop, and just what to say. The longest sermon He ever preached, so far as the Bible records Him, namely, "The Sermon on the Mount," was about sixteen minutes in delivery, at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer, commonly called the "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch and you will find my estimate accurate. By which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only sixteen minutes long and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compassion that he could put enough in a sermon to last a sermon and his half-minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or to pray so short as that, but He meant to teach us compression.

At Selma, Alabama, the other day I was shown a cotton press by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car, where three cars were formerly necessary; and one ship where three ships were formerly necessary. I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller spaces. And His sermons were so lovely and so full of practicality, and simplicity, and illustration; the light of a candle, the crystal of the salt; the cluck of a hen for her chickens; the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy; the moth in a velvet-lined robe; the black wing of the raven; the snow-bank of white lilies; our extreme boisterousness about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character; the swine fed on the pearls; wolves dramatizing sheep; and the peroration made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crash of a tumbling house, and the creaking of iron. No technicalities, no splitting of hairs, no dogmatism, but a great Christy throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says: "When he was come down from the mountain great multitudes followed Him." They had but one fault to find with His sermon; it was too short. God bless all of us, Christian work to get down off our stilts and realize there is only one thing we have to do; there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the Gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All sufficient is this Gospel if it is only applied. A minister of the Gospel, the audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the Gospel, accommodated himself to sailor's vernacular, and he said, "I have been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it, that he choked up and sobbed, and wept, and wept, and wept down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you cry that mode of helping? You say, "I have a man for you, words," or "I have a woman for you, words." You dear soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord, and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

A Paralytic's Will. A bill made by a bed-ridden paralytic able to speak only three words, "yes," "no," and "will," was recently contested in a Kentucky court. The testator could not write, but was able to make her wishes known to those about her by using one of the three words mentioned in response to speculative questions asked by them. Her son testified that for several days he had noticed her desire to communicate something, and he kept guessing until he finally hit upon the question, "Do you want to make a will?" to which she answered, "Yes." An attorney was summoned, who explained to her the nature of a will, and by a series of questions, which she answered by means of the three words at her command, elicited her desire in regard to the disposition of her property. By the terms of the will, her estate was divided between her four children, disinheriting the child of her deceased eldest son, who was the contestant in the trial. The jury was sustained by the jury, but the court of appeals reversed the decision on the ground that everything had first been conceived by an able-bodied woman, and that she was not really compelled by reason of her physical disability, to make a will.

N. Y. Sun. —Business—Say, old man, I want to talk business with you a few minutes. "Certainly, go ahead." "Could you lend me \$25 without inconvenience?" "Yes, I think I could." "Thanks, I'll return it shortly." "What security will you give?" "Why—er—I—didn't think you necessary." "I thought you misunderstood me. I thought you said you wanted to talk business." Indianapolis Sentinel.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Macaulay took his Sunday dinner alone at a coffee house. After dinner he would build a pyramid of wine glasses, which usually toppled over. He would pay for the broken glass and go.

—After "Paradise Lost" was printed it was translated into French, and this version falling into the hands of an innocent Englishman, he made a prose translation back into English and sent it to a publisher. The manuscript is in the British museum.

The titles of Jewish rabbinical writings are often very fanciful. One commentary is called "The Rabbin of Aaron," the introduction to the Talmud is the "Bones of Joseph," and other treatises are termed "Garden of Nuts" and "Golden Apples."

—Mrs. Caroline H. Dall tells the Springfield Republican that when she first went to Washington, over forty years ago, she began life as a mechanic. "Remember, you may have what political opinions you please, but the woman who expresses them is damn ed."

—George Augusta Sala was recently asked by a very corpulent lady how she should dress in attending a fancy ball. "Well," replied Mr. Sala, as he sized up the ample proportions of the lady, "if I were you I would put a full around my neck, don a light red dress and go as a ham."

The new British knight, Sir Thomas Sauter Pyne, who is only thirty-two years of age, began life as a mechanic in the great Birmingham engineering firm of Tangey. Then he went to India as the foreman of a factory, and soon became superintendent of the arsenal and public works of the ameer of Afghanistan. He held this place for nearly ten years, until a short time ago he was attached to the mission of Sir Thomas Durand.

—Miss Olive Schreiner, the author of that strange book, "The Story of an African Farm," is engaged to be married. Her betrothed, who is four or five years younger than the bride to be, is Mr. Cron Wright, the son of a well-known South African farmer and member of the Cape parliament. He is himself a successful farmer; and a clever speaker, and it is supposed that he will enter parliamentary life. It is said, by the way, that more than 70,000 copies of "The African Farm" have been sold.

—A few days before Gounod's death he told a Paris reporter how his family first became convinced of his musical genius. He was twelve years old and was getting a general education at a preparatory school. His mother conceived one evening to take him to hear Mozart's "Don Juan." Gounod sat with a successful farmer; and a clever speaker, and it is supposed that he will enter parliamentary life. It is said, by the way, that more than 70,000 copies of "The African Farm" have been sold.

HUMOROUS.

—Doctor—"You cough more easily this morning?" Patient—"I ought to—I practiced all night."—Hullo.

—"I should like to see any man try to kiss me." "No doubt; but you shouldn't ask a girl to kiss Me-Up."

—"The boy who fails would never be a man." "Can't you promise to be a man?"

—"Mrs. Coffey—"Where did you learn that new piece?" Daughter—"It isn't a new piece. The piano has been tuned to the 70th degree of heat."

—Mr. Gusher (a self-satisfied bore)—"I can tell just what people are thinking of me." Miss Pert—"Indeed! How very unpleasant it must be for you?"—Brooklyn.

—"Well, I suppose everything went off without a single hitch up at Brown's?" "It did. You see the bride had eloped with the best man two hours before."—Inter-Ocean.

—"It isn't the trouble a man has in meeting his bills that gives him a care-worn look," says a philosopher. "It's the trouble he has in dodging them."

—Philosophy—Reuben Reuben—Mrs. Winks—"Dame Fortune has been smiling on Neighbor Hicks, I hear." Mrs. Jinks—"Oh, the horrid old fellow, and his poor, dear wife not dead a month?"—Inter-Ocean.

—Why?—"Beets are full of sugar, aren't they, mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, Frank." Frank—"Then, mamma, why does the cook go and put sugar on them?"—Farver's Bear.

—"Blykins is a very well-informed man." "I used to think so." "What has happened to shake your faith?" "Well, you see, he has qualified as a lawyer in a capital case."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. Figg—"What is the reason I never see you playing with Jimmy Briggs any more?" Tommy—"He ain't got no respect for the fashions. He wants to be playin' marbles in topspin'n' time."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Pegg—"Sometimes the absolute faith my boy has in my wisdom makes me almost ashamed of myself." Potts—"You need not worry. You are right age up all right. By the time he is twenty he will think you know nothing at all."—Tit-Bits.

THE HERALD

SPENCER COOPER, Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
THURSDAY, June 7, 1894.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Congress.

We are authorized to announce JOSEPH M. KENDALL, of Floyd county, Kentucky, as a candidate for Congress from the Tenth Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce MARCUS C. LISLE, of Clark county, as a candidate for Congress from the Tenth Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce SAM HENRY WILSON as a candidate for sheriff of Wolfe county, subject only to the will of the people at the polls in November, 1895.

YOU'LL FIND IT HERE.

Henry Frith shot and killed F. M. Talliferro at Bankie, La., on Friday last.

Harry Gill, a negro, was lynched at Lancaster, S. C., early Sunday morning.

Civil war has broken out in Bulgaria, and Coxey's army might find employment.

Cholera prevails at Mytze, Upper Silesia, and is spreading over the Russian border.

Clifton R. Breckinridge, present congressman from Arkansas, has been defeated for renomination.

A monkey, two Italians and a negro woman were the principals in a free fight at Louisville Sunday night.

Two hundred negroes left Birmingham, Alabama, Sunday to take the places of striking Pennsylvania miners.

Citizens of Carter county refuse absolutely to pay the railroad tax recently ordered collected by the federal court.

Dr. John M. Clemens, of Louisville, a cousin of "Mark Twain," died at his residence in that city Sunday from paralysis.

The terms of sixty-three presidential postmasters will expire this month, but they are nearly all in eastern and northern states.

Reports that come from the western part of Kansas are very discouraging, and show that the wheat crop in that section is a total failure.

The body of a man about 45 years of age was taken from the Ohio river in Cincinnati supposed to be Andrew Turpin, of Big Bone, Ky.

Mrs. L. B. Lee, a professional nurse of Louisville, came near dying from a dose of morphine, taken Saturday night to relieve the headache.

August Belmont, of New York, accompanied by several friends arrived in Lexington Friday and visited Mr. Belmont's stock farm near that city.

Charles A. Thomas, of Lexington, has been chosen as the representative of Kentucky University in Chautauque oratorical contest next month.

Eugene Chambers, a little boy, was run over and killed by an electric car while returning from a Sunday-school picnic at Lexington last Saturday.

The corner stone of the Norwegian hospital at Chicago was laid Sunday. When finished the hospital will be the first Norwegian charitable institution in the city.

Victoria Stein, of Chicago, has sued Clarence H. Soule, pastor of the Methodist church, \$50,000 for breach of promise, and she has fifty of his letters to back up her suit.

Jesse McGregor has been arrested at Wellesville, Ohio, for the murder of his mistress, Lizzie Ewing, which occurred a year since under mysterious circumstances.

J. Lowrie Bates, the Republican second assistant postmaster general, has at last resigned his position, and the place will be made glad by a Democrat, or vice versa.

Most of the 600 striking miners who were in camp near Evans, Iowa, have returned to their homes, and this is thought to fore-shadow the collapse of the strike at that place.

Maud Rabel, a 19-year old girl of Omaha, Neb., was mysteriously drowned at that place, and Dr. Brown, with whom she was keeping company, was arrested for the crime.

Some \$500,000,000 are said to be awaiting the heirs of the late Nicholas Noyes, of Newbury, Mass., and it will be distributed as soon as a complete list of the beneficiaries can be made.

Judge Barr, of the United States court, sitting at Owensboro, on Monday annulled the separate coast law on the ground that it interferes with interstate commerce and is unconstitutional.

Hon. John W. Yerkes, of Danville, positively declines to make the race for congress from the eighth Kentucky district, even if the Republican cause should be tendered him without personal effort.

The grand larceny charge against Charles A. Hardin, alias Ketchum, has been dismissed at Kansas City, and he was turned over to the Tennessee authorities to answer for the Wells-Fargo express robbery.

The \$500 prize offered by the Courier Journal for the closest guess to the rainfall during the month of May will be divided among thirty persons, who guessed 2.90 inches, the exact figure. Guesses were recorded from 12,000 subscribers.

Andy Johnson, the Bell county terror, who had killed a score of more men, was shot and killed at a negro dance in the suburbs of Pineville on Saturday night by Jim Horn, who also shot him half hour afterward from wounds inflicted by Johnson's pistol.

George Robinson, of Campton, has sent us a change for his ad, but we have been so busy we have neglected to do so. Next week, however, we will do so and in the meantime we want to say that he is selling a very fine line of furniture at low prices.

William Lockhart, Callie Nickell and John Combs, of Kasi, are in town this week.

ONLY a short time since there was considerable talk about a turnpike from Hazel Green to Torrent. THE HERALD told of the proposition made by the Kentucky Union railroad at that time, and everything favored an early commencement of work on the road. The Winchester people were also interested in the matter, and the papers at that place took occasion to place the matter before the business men there that they might aid as when the time came. All that appeared necessary at that time was the co-operation of county officials and the many individuals who favored the project. Our idea then was, and we are still of that opinion, that private individuals should raise one-half the stock and the county take the remaining half. Many citizens of the county have signified their willingness to take stock—some as much \$1,000 worth, and others in sums ranging from \$500 to \$50. The editor of this paper will put \$100 into the enterprise, and we are absolutely certain that if only one-fourth the men in the county equally as able will contribute a like amount, and the county do her part, the turnpike will be built at an early day. Let some man start with a subscription paper and see how much he can raise, and let all who favor the pike send us their names, and the amount of stock they will each take. Finally, let us hear from the magistrates on the subject. In this connection we have received the following letter:

THE N. P. GLANK CONSTRUCTION CO.,
GENERAL CONTRACTORS,
GALSBURG, ILL., May 31, 1894.

MR. SPENCER COOPER, Hazel Green, Ky.
Dear Sir:—We wrote Mr. Ed. T. Kohlhaas, city clerk of Winchester, regard to the proposed turnpike road from Torrent to Hazel Green, and he referred us to you.

Will you please give us whatever information you can in regard to the construction of this road, when it is to be commenced, and how soon the profiles and specifications will be ready; also when will bids be asked for. Yours truly,

N. P. GLANK CONSTRUCTION CO.

MORGAN COUNTY NEWS.
Maytown Missiles.

Our school election passed off quietly. R. A. Children elected trustee.

Our neighbor district just over in Menefee held an election Saturday last for whisky or no whisky. No whisky carried. Good.

R. A. Day has sold his farm near town for \$1,750. So you see, Burt, the postoffice will come back to town at once. We would not know how to appreciate the sweet unless we occasionally had some bitter.

P. E. Lacy says he had ninety frying chickens mislaid in the last few weeks, and with the assistance of some of his neighbors found the thief under a cliff with 45 of the chicks, one rabbit, one ground squirrel and a black snake. Bud says minks did it all, and were preparing for a strike or Coxey's army.

Jo Bates and our friend Capt. George Rice were in town today with a drove of horses and mules. If Mr. Bates would advertise in THE HERALD and let our people know when he would be here with his stock, they would always be ready for trade and he would soon save the price of a mule in expense.

WINGLESS.

Sellers Sunshine.

The snow has damaged corn crops very much.

We find that all the school elections around went off quietly.

Cynthia Gose is very ill at this writing and not expected to recover.

Sunday school is in good working order at the Amyx school house with a large number in attendance.

Judge Levi Kash, Uncle Johnny Rose and Judge G. W. Carson are commissioners to let off the farm of J. S. Wilson, deceased.

Rev. J. T. Wilson, of color, a blind minister, preached at the colored school house near Ed Little's Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and at the Amyx school house at 2 o'clock p. m. There was a large crowd at each place and all seemed to be well edified and well pleased with his sermons. MATT.

A Prominent Trainer.

John A. Walsh, a prominent horseman and trainer at Pawtucket, R. I., writes as follows: "I have used Quinn's Ointment and am pleased to say I think it has no equal, and I cheerfully recommend it to all. This is the continued experience of the leading horsemen and breeders throughout the United States. For curbs, splints, spavins, windpuffs and all bunches it has no equal. Trial packages will be sent upon receipt of 25 cents silver or stamps. Regular size \$1.50 delivered. Address: W. B. Eddy & Co., Whitehall, N. Y., unless you can obtain from your druggist. For sale by John M. Rose.

A Still Destroyed.

Deputy Collector Stephen Tull, of Campton, with a posse of four Wolfe county men, captured the still of "Red" B. Baker, on Buffalo Creek, in Owensley county, the 17th ult. Baker is said to be one of the most noted moonshiners in Kentucky, his still having been run for the last twenty years. Many efforts have been made to capture it, but in vain. The still was taken down, and the still cut to pieces. Baker escaped. He has often been arrested and convicted, but has always passed through here on his way home and gave us the above. Mrs. Floyd Todd passed through here last week and returned to their home at Clay City Monday.—Jackson Hustler.

Ladies, Ministers and Physicians

All Indorse the

ELECTROPOISE!

For Babies as Well as Old Folks.

I am glad to say that the Electropoise has cured me of rheumatism and illness, the result of typhoid fever, as well as catarrh. Have used it in the family from mother-in-law 73 years old down to the baby, used it on the baby while teething and it worked like a charm. For throat trouble we have never found anything to equal it. Several of my neighbors have them and are all well pleased. I can not say too much in praise of the Electropoise.

Mrs. F. M. CALLAHAN, Verona, Ky.
Brain Congestion and Vertigo Cured With the Electropoise.

Sirs: Last July I was taken with vertigo, a congestion of the smaller blood vessels of the brain (hyperemia). I could not study; everything I ate disagreed with me; at last I ate no solid food, but even soups and liquid food did not agree with me; I was induced to try the "Electropoise." In one night's time it had relieved the brain congestion and vertigo. I began the next day to study; I ate from that time what I pleased, and since then I have been a comparatively well man.

Rev. Geo H. MANS, Covington, Ky.

Practical as Well as Theoretical.

I am much pleased with my experience with the Electropoise, and believe it in advance of any known remedy in theory for the restoration of the normal condition of the system, and its effects in the cure of disease has proved its efficacy practically and theoretically.

J. W. CLARK, M. D., Augusta, Ky.

ADDRESS

DuBois & Webb,
509 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION,

— FOR —

— YOUNG LADIES, —

Mt. Admirables; White Sulphur; Ky.

This institution, under the direction of the Sisters of the Visitation, R. V. M., is situated in a healthy and beautiful local ity of the well-known Blue Grass Region.

Here the pupils enjoy the comforts of a home, far removed from the distractions of city; and can, consequently, with greater facility, turn themselves to the advantages afforded of a thorough education.

Terms reasonable. Music, Crayon and Painting extra. House is heated by steam apparatus. For further particulars address Sisters of the Visitation, B. V. M.

WM. B. LOCAN,
Druggist and Bookseller,
WINCHESTER, KY.

Mail orders promptly attended to, and your patronage is desired. Call when in the city.

J. H. PHILLIPS
WITH
W. M. KERR & CO.,
TOBACCOERS IN
Hardware & Agricultural Implements,
IRONTON, O.

LOUIS STIX & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Dry Goods,
NOTIONS, Etc.,
Third, Race and Union Sts.,
CINCINNATI, O.

We carry the goods that will suit your trade and our prices are THE LOWEST. Special attention given to mail orders.

DRY GOODS
— AND —
NOTIONS.

If you want new styles and the best at bottom prices you can always find them at

CASSELL & PRICE'S,
16 and 18 West Main Street,
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

HOTEL LELAND, Lexington, Ky.
S. R. BROOKS, Proprietor.

New Building! Gas and Electric Light Electric Elevator! Heated throughout with Hot Water. — Rates, \$2.00 a Day. Near business center and depot. Come and see me. Respectfully, S. R. BROOKS.

A. FLOYD BYRD, Campton, Ky.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Abstracts of title furnished, collections made and prompt returns guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Wood & Day Mt. Sterling, Ky., in civil practice.

When in Lexington call on L. & G. STRAUS, Leading Clothiers, who carry a larger line of CLOTHING and sell for less money than any house in the bluegrass capital. A Watch free with every purchase of \$5, or over.

WALTER A. WOOD, 1894.

Always at the front in design, style and quality of our

MOWERS,

HAY RAKES,

REAPERS and BINDERS,

with latest improvements, we call attention of farmers to their great strength, durability and light draft.

Our sales show that they are unexcelled. Send for Catalogue.

WALTER A. WOOD MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE CO.

See W. W. REED, Mt. Sterling, Ky., for prices.

A CITY STORE AT YOUR DOOR.

For the benefit of the ladies of Hazel Green and vicinity, I have opened a GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS STORE at my residence in Hazel Green, and will carry a complete line of the following articles, which will be sold at the LOWEST PRICES, viz:

Ladies' Hats, Silks and Velvets, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Gloves, Ladies' Toilets, Curling Irons, Brooming Paints, Silk Laces—black and white, Ladies' Slippers, Complete line of Hosiery, Elastic, etc., etc.

Buy Your Hats of Me, and Get Them Trimmed Free of Charge.

My stock will embrace every article of Ladies' wear, in the latest style just from the city, as well as many other notions too numerous to mention. I will also do DRESS-MAKING, and will cut and make dresses to suit the hard-time prices. Best system of cutting by the Buddington Cutting Machine, which was awarded first premium at the World's Fair, 1893. — Miss LAURA R. WILSON, of Covington, Ky., well and favorably known to the ladies of this vicinity, will be my assistant. Your trade is respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Very respectfully,

Mrs. FRED DAY.

HOFFMAN'S Insurance Agency.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

The Safest, Best and MOST RELIABLE Agency in Eastern Kentucky. Rates Reasonable.

ASSETS OVER \$260,000.00.

LOSSES PAID 275,000.00.

Address A. HOFFMAN, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Our little hath a winning way.

Our good grace.

And summons smiles by graceful play.

On each face.

But loudest rings the prompt applause.

When first it evens fall.

And puts ensue with velvet paws.

The shadows on the wall.

The trees that float beside her head.

In semblance waving.

And flourish quiet by the fiddle's grasp.

From the wild spring, the fiddle grasp.

And then the backward fall.

While still unheeded, pass would creep.

The shadows on the wall.

Repeating balls, but waste desire.

For dear possession.

More fervently burn her eye of fire.

At each sensation.

Till weariness unmakes the clutch.

And yields to kind recall.

Though still her long and slender watch.

The shadows on the wall.

At her mistake let humans smile.

That no delight here.

Those whom it brings to beguile—

—say—are they winners.

While life long grasps by fame or power.

O wealth or honor!

To find them, when their loves are o'er.

But shadows on the wall.

—E. W. B. Canine, in Good Housekeeping.

"LEADIN'S."

How Mrs. Lloyd Found Happiness by Following Them.

A pretty woman, who looked sad, sat in front of a bright fire in a parlor in the Waldorf hotel in New York. She was in luck, and the morning paper lay in her lap; she was not reading, but thinking. "Here I am rich and all alone, and so much suffering, this hard year—the papers all full of it, and yet I don't know one single soul that can help my own self this sad day. I'd like to make a bright day for somebody that I can see enjoy it. I am tired of giving checks that only give me just the trouble of writing them, and no pleasure." Just then, as she thought sadly of the past, when she had so many to love and so many to care for, the voice of the kind old nurse at home, who often said: "Jest foller yer leadin', honey—'jest keep follerin', and God'll lead you somewhar all de time." "I'll do it," she said. "I'll go and foller my leadin's to-day, and see where they bring me."

In a little while she was walking quickly down Broadway with the throng. "I think I will cross over," she thought, at a corner, and then several wagons of various sorts came by, and she turned back into the crowd, going down town. Her heart was full of sadness; but it was her nature to look out for the bright things, and she stopped in front of two windows that shined, although they lay close to a different store. One was full of flowers, and the other of fruits and some rare early vegetables. The tomatoes and nectarines looked fresh and tempting as they lay close to the pane which had streaks of frost on it, for it was a very cold day for the last of March. The flowers that filled the other window were bright Easter lilies, holding up great spikes of bloom, ornate hanging with their queer shapes all across the front of the glass, pink and roses, delicate maidenhair ferns, forget-me-nots and bright daffodils, and many others—all made a picture of delight; and she stood looking at them a long time, sadly and yet with pleasure. "Why, how lovely those little girls, each about eleven years old, holding a box in her hands and with a basket on her arm, stopped also, and gazed in with a look of rapture that Mrs. Lloyd felt that she must say to her: "You love them, don't you?"

The child looked up with a pair of soft, trusting eyes and said: "Oh yes, ma'am don't you love 'em, those little girls?" and she moved a little toward the other window; "mother loves those little oranges."

"They look nice," Mrs. Lloyd said. "I think I love the lilies best," the child said; "we used to have so many flowers when we lived in Florence; but they cost too much in this country."

"Did you live in Florence long?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I was born there," said the child. "We only came to this country a year ago—to my grandpa's, he wanted; and then she died, and we came here. My father paints pictures. Do you like pictures?" she said, looking up.

"Very much," said the lady, who was looking at her with friendly eyes. "The child felt more and more like talking to her."

"My father paints beautiful pictures; but it's too hard, I tell them now, he says and so my mother makes things, and I take them to the exchange."

"What exchange?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Why, the Woman's Exchange on Fifth avenue, you know; and then I go to market with the money—'cause mother can't, the baby's so fretty now; she's getting teething."

"Dear me," thought Mrs. Lloyd, "I think that Aunt Sally was right; this must be a leading, first thing. But now how shall I go to work to help them?"

"Yes, I'd be glad to; I'm just taking a walk," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I have to cross here anyway," the child said; "if I can't find a way to look into this window, it's really shorter the other way, but I do love the flowers so, and then I tell mother about them. We get to the exchange first, if you don't mind, and then there's a picture for me. The picture is on the way home."

Soon they reached the door of the exchange, and the child went into the basement door to deliver her bundles. She took out a delicious looking mold of jelly, and from the basket some delicate little cakes. Mrs. Lloyd was looking on, and said: "What those cakes look exactly like some that I used to have when I was a child in the south."

"Yes," said the woman who was taking the things; "some ladies said the other day that they were real southern cakes."

"Oh, do they buy lace too?" said the child. "I've got some I'd like to sell it; it's my grandma's wedding veil, mother says."

"Upstairs," said the clerk; and the lady went out.

"Why, do they buy lace too?" said the child. "I've got some I'd like to sell it; it's my grandma's wedding veil, mother says."

"Ah!" thought Mrs. Lloyd, "here is another leading. I want some lace. But two minutes before she had wanted nothing so little."

They walked about two blocks, and then the child stopped in front of a window, and said: "That is my father's picture, isn't it pretty?"

Mrs. Lloyd looked at it first curiously, and then eagerly, and then bent forward to see the painter's name. "Rhet," she said; "is that the name?"

"Philip Rhet," the child said; "and my name is Sylvia for my grandma."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Lloyd, half to herself. "I wonder how he happened to paint that house?" But she thought again: "It is such a picture of old place that I don't wonder that she wanted to paint it; it's well painted, too. I wouldn't have him sell it to anybody else for anything."

"Do you think it's pretty?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"I think that it's beautiful," said the lady; "beautiful; and I used to live there once—long ago," she said, with a little sigh.

"Why, mother did too," said Sylvia; "and she loved that picture, and she didn't want father to put it in the window; but he said that perhaps the picture it would make somebody buy it."

It was the picture of a long, low, and evidently old house, an inn, for there was the sign on one side and over the front, green roses that hung everywhere, and so exquisitely painted that one seemed almost to smell the perfume and to feel the soft summer breeze that seemed to move through the leaves and then Mrs. Lloyd stood fascinated, and the longer she looked the more beautiful it looked to her.

"How long has it been here?" she said to Sylvia.

"Only two days," she answered. "I will go in a moment," she said; "I want to speak to the proprietor."

"What?" said Mrs. Lloyd, who had stepped outside for her, and after a few moments came out again. "The man gave me your father's address," she said; "if you are going home I will go with you."

"And if you go to market with me first," said Sylvia, "I always have to go to market before I go home and we have to go to the exchange to-day."

"Mother said we could if I got any money, 'cause we couldn't have any yesterday."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Lloyd. "I didn't have any money; and mother says she won't ask the man to trust us, 'cause he won't know us. I don't suppose he would anyway. I don't think a grown-up man that showed how much he loved the picture thing had carried. 'I do the marketing over on Third avenue when I have time,' she said. 'It's cheaper there but mother told me to do it on Sixth avenue to-day, and then it isn't very far to the house. We live in father's studio, 'cause he had to have a studio, and we couldn't afford a house, too; but the studios here aren't as nice as his was in Florence. Did you ever go there?'"

"I have lived in Rome for several years," said Mrs. Lloyd. "And I have often been to Florence. I know that you were sorry to leave it, for everybody is."

"Oh yes, we were sorry; but we had to when grandma was sick, 'cause she wanted mother so much."

By that time they were at the exchange, and Mrs. Lloyd noticed the little woman make her purchases with some amusement, and a great deal of sadness as well; for it was such a very little bit of meat that she bought after she had carefully explained what she wanted it for, and such a very small bundle of vegetables with it. Presently she said:

"I'm all ready. Are you going to buy my father's picture?"

"Peraps so, if he will sell it," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Oh, he'll be glad to sell it," Sylvia said. "I heard that he sold out the picture he could sell more after he sold one."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Lloyd; and they walked on up the avenue to a large building, where Sylvia stopped

and said: "We live way up uptop; but I won't run to-day."

So they went slowly up the five long flights. At the door Mrs. Lloyd stopped and said: "You go in first and tell your father and mother that a lady is here who came about the picture."

"Oh, come right in," said the child, and Mrs. Lloyd went up to the second story on the threshold into a gentleman who was painting at an easel got up and went toward her.

"I saw your picture in the window at Black's, and I think it is a house I once lived in, an inn near Clovelly, in England, and I want to see you about it, please. They gave me your address at the shop. I met your little daughter at a flower window, and we made each other's acquaintance."

A lady got up and came forward, saying: "Why, yes, that is the place then we all once lived there, for I spent a month there, and later I was there again with my husband." And she smiled a little.

"Sit down, madam," said Mr. Rhet, placing a chair. "I shall be glad to sell you a picture if it has any meaning for you, for I have so much for it that we are very reluctant to part with it; but now we can't indulge in sentiment, and you give a glance about the room."

"It has a very great deal in it for me," said Mrs. Lloyd. "My father and I—he is dead now—were there for a long time, and he was especially fond of that room, for he was so much like me, I am sure. How odd that you should have painted just the one house that I should like to have always hanging before me."

"Did that you happened to see it, but not that I painted it; for my wife was fond of it, and then we spent our honeymoon there. My wife was there for a long time with a gentleman who was an artist, and I think it is there."

"Suddenly I said," said Mrs. Lloyd, "excuse me, but what was his name?"

"Mr. Carter—Mr. John Carter, of Virginia," said Mr. Rhet.

Mrs. Lloyd interrupted again. "Were you—I mean are you Clare King—the Miss King who was so good to my father?"

"Yes, Mrs. Carter, who couldn't come because she had sprained her ankle in London?"

"I am, indeed," said Mrs. Lloyd, and she went up to look at Mr. Rhet's hands; "and I have tried so hard to find you for all the long years. What does it mean?"

They sat down and looked at each other—these people who had chance and a picture had thrown together.

"I don't know," "I can't imagine," said first one and then the other. Mrs. Lloyd collected her wits first.

"You left my father after my aunt came—the next day, I think, and so we never met; and then you wrote twice and then I wrote to you, and we never heard again; and we even tried to find your address in Charleston. What can it mean? And you have been living in Florence and I in Rome. All my neighbors, and my father and I, and I have tried to find you for all the long years. What can it mean?"

"I had one letter from you," said Mrs. Rhet. "And then I never heard again; and I wrote again, and still no answer. And my mother moved away to Savannah, and she married again and changed her name, and I was married and changed mine, and so, perhaps, that explains why you couldn't find us."

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Lloyd. "And yet it does seem a mystery. And now to find you from the picture of the inn; how glad I am. I am so lonely, and I have never seen you since you left at her dress; 'my husband is dead.'"

"And we are lonely too," said the other woman.

"I came a long string of questions and answered them, and as it has nothing to do with the story, it need not be told; but Mrs. Lloyd said:

"I can never be grateful enough to you for all you have done for my dear father, when he was so alone."

But she proved that she could; for that day she paid for the picture, and twice the price that Mr. Rhet had thought that he could dare to ask for it. And she knew that the comforts that they needed would follow, and she attended to the other things. A great basket of flowers and most delicious fruit came to them the next day. And Mr. Rhet had such warm words of praise from the man who kept the picture shop, for as "bad luck never comes to a man who is good; and just after Mrs. Lloyd had seen the picture and ordered it kept for her, another person had tried to buy it."

And Mrs. Lloyd felt that she had been wise to follow "her leadin's" as she looked at the picture in her room the day had been so long, and that the day had brought her not only the promise of spring and of life, but the very best thing that the world can ever give—the love of friends. And it all came from a pleasant word at a shop window to a strange little girl who had seen the kindness and been kind in return. And she thought also that it would cross the street at first, it should have missed it. How strange!"—Katherine B. Fook, in N. Y. Independent.

"The intentions of the man who thinks he averages about right may be good, but he is apt to be at fault in his mathematics."—Young Men's Era.

"Enlightenment is better than law. One street lamp is worth ten policemen."—Young Men's Era.

DIET FOR THE SICK.

It Ought to Be a Good Deal the Same as the Times Takes When Well.

In olden times it was customary when one became ill to prescribe a diet of toast, broth, gruel and the like, and keep the sufferer on the shortest kind of short rations even of this kind of food. No matter how long the illness continued this regime was kept up. Exhausting and prostrating medicines were given, and every effort seemed to be made to reduce the strength and vitality of the patient. To be sure, many people get well in spite of this, but it must be said that it was more through good luck than good management. When the constitutions were robust enough to triumph over so many adverse conditions, there was a more or less complete recovery; but delicate and susceptible temperaments usually succumbed to this formidable array of adversities.

Modern medicine and science dictates that people shall not be starved, at least, whatever other treatment may be necessary. A sufficient amount of nourishment is therefore given, and this food is quite likely to be the same that the person is in the habit of taking during health, barring, of course, all extremely indigestible dishes or those that will conflict with the remedies given. As a general thing, a sick person requires very much less food than a well one, although this is not true of all. People of sedentary habits, those who take little or no exercise to exhaust the physical forces, might need almost as much food when sick as when well.

There are few follies more extreme than that of putting sick people on a diet of toast-water and thin gruel. It would make a very person sick, and it would not begin in any food and strength and health. People of sedentary habits, those who take little or no exercise to exhaust the physical forces, might need almost as much food when sick as when well.

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A Well-Traveled Colorado Cat.

There is a cat in Colorado which has probably never seen scenery in the Rocky Mountain range, but any other member of the feline species. It was a special pet of the wife of the engineer of a freight locomotive, and it accompanied her every trip he makes. When the train makes one of its long waits at the depot the cat will go in search of fun or mice, and at some of the halting places, it is quite a local pet. While the engine is running the cat sits in the cab or on the coal, and as its fur is jet black, its beauty is not greatly impaired by its peculiar surroundings. "Fussy" must have traveled many thousands miles for it has been doing duty for several years and has never been known to miss a trip. The first journey or two there was much difficulty about keeping the animal from jumping off, but there is now none, nor does its owner bother himself about ascertaining whether his feline passenger is aboard or not. The absolute indifference of cats to persons and their attachment to places and environment is seen in this instance. Last year the engineer got injured in a wreck and was laid up for three months, the cat stayed around the shops until the engine was repaired and then resumed her rides with the subterranean engineer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Legal Advice.

Litigant—"I'm willing to wager ten thousand dollars I win the suit."

Lawyer—"Take my advice and don't bet."

Litigant—"No; if I took your advice I'd lose, anyhow; I've hired another lawyer!"—Hill.

"The manufacture of artificial flowers began in Italy in the early years of the nineteenth century."

SOLESVILLE MIRACLE.

Restoration of Philander Hyde from Paralysis.

Helpless and Bed-Ridden—His Recovery from Paralysis—A Remarkable Narrative.

(From the Syracuse Standard.)

During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term "miraculous." These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as stated. Different schools of medicine and some of the brightest lights in the profession had treated these cases, unsuccessfully and their recovery later on, therefore, and its means, have created a profound sensation throughout the country.

The Standard has been able to obtain accounts for what they were worth, and are happily able to supplement same to-day by an equally striking case near home. The case is over in Madison county, at Solville, and the subject is Mr. Philander Hyde, who told the reporter the following:

"I will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where my life was spent until recently, when, becoming helpless and bed-ridden, I came to my daughter here. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always well and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grippe. It was followed by a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness more and more, and the pain and the stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the lower end of my back, and to my chest. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil. "While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and numbness up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my back bone. I could not sleep. I had no appetite. I became helpless. While in this condition I was treated by a number of prominent physicians. They did me no good, and I became more and more helpless and lost all power of motion even in my bed."

"The physicians consulted pronounced father's case creeping paralysis," said Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, "and when we brought him home he had to be carried all the way in a bed. The doctors said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose he took a pint of whiskey a day for three months, and no more in great quantities. When he began taking Pink Pills we stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, and cut off all stimulants for ten days after. He began taking the pills, he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my legs, and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more colds, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite. It is frequently the case that a bit of broiled chicken, steak or bird with a little dry toast and a cup of good coffee will relish and be satisfying when nothing in the way of invalids food, or ordinary food, will be tolerated. Of course, the food should be eaten very slowly and thoroughly masticated. If the condition of the patient permits, some extremely entertaining conversation may be carried on during the meal. It is a well-established fact that amusement during eating, especially that provocative of laughter, is of the greatest possible benefit. Indeed, the laughter cure, administered in a quiet way and without too much nervous agitation, has been the most marked advantage in many instances. A physician should make it a point to amuse and entertain their patients quite as much as to prescribe drugs and diagnose the cases."—N. Y. Ledger.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 200 North Third St., N. Y., and Brooklyn, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade-mark and wrapper at 25 cents each, or for \$2.50, and are never sold in bulk or for the dozen or hundred.

A man doesn't get much done when working in the lumber line, and he who is reminded of something for which he must ask his wife, and that takes time."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the bladder, and gives the patient strength by building up the constitution. It is a true medicine, and one sure means of curing what they call Catarrh. It is a very brief time, if they would but use Hall's Catarrh Cure. The Bitters will also surely remedy dyspepsia, making a liver complaint.

Reporter—"I have a story here on heralding. Editor—"Give it to the knight editor."—Judge.

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "Brown's Bronchial Coughs." I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have been very serviceable.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

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Woman who is wedded to himself ever wears a divi no.—Dallas News.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Vanilla Custard: One quart milk two heaping tablespoons cornstarch two eggs, lump of butter the size of a walnut and one teaspoon vanilla extract. Dissolve the cornstarch in a little of the milk, allow the other to come to a boil before adding the beaten eggs, cornstarch, butter and sugar. Stir well until it thickens, add the vanilla and turn out into a dish. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Chocolate Pie: Beat a pint of sweet milk with two tablespoons of grated sweet chocolate. When partly cool add the yolks of three well-beaten eggs and white of one, with three-quarters of a teaspoonful of sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla. Pour this into a nice crust and bake. When done, whip the whites of two eggs stiff, add two tablespoons sugar and spread over the top. Return to the oven and brown a little. —Orange Judd Farmer.

—English Plain Pudding: One cupful of sugar, one cupful of chopped suet or butter, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, one teaspoonful of spices, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one quart of flour. Mix and put into a double bag that is floured inside, drop into a kettle of boiling water and boil three hours. Never stop the boiling and keep the kettle full of water. —Good Housekeeping.

—Amibush Asparagus: Take one quart of asparagus tops, peel for twenty minutes, and drain. Take one dozen stale light rolls; cut off the tops, and remove the centers; set in the oven to dry; laying each top in the pan. Put one pint of milk on to boil, add three eggs, and stir in the boiling milk with one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt and pepper; chop the asparagus tops, and add them to the milk. Fill the rolls with the mixture, put on the tops, and serve hot. —Harper's Bazar.

—Keeping Pieplant: When pieplant is old, or if it has made a slow growth, it becomes tough and stringy, and if then used, peel it before it is cooked. When young and tender the thin skin will cook as well as the rest, and the delicate color that it adds to the sauce improves the looks and does not alter the taste. When you have more than you need for immediate use cut it into suitable lengths, pack closely into Mason jars, fill up with cold water and seal. For use turn off the water and prepare as though it was fresh. The fresh juice of pieplant, with the addition of sugar, is a tonic to lengthen and tract and cold water makes a refreshing drink for a warm day. —Housekeeper.

—Hominy, Boiled and Fried: Take a pint of corn, put in cold water to soak, it, stir and let it settle. Then pour off the water. Do this twice; then put it to soak in three parts of water or milk over night. In the morning, put it over a fire in a double boiler, add a little salt, and stir often. If it becomes too thick or too starchy, add more water or milk. It should be just thick enough to set down smooth soon in a deep dish. Fine hominy will cook in two hours, the coarse requires three. It is very nice eaten warm with cream and sugar. To fry it for breakfast slice it about half an inch thick and lay it on a griddle greased with nice beef drippings or butter. It will take about fifteen minutes to brown both sides. Use only the blue for frying. —Boston Budget.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

How to Make Children's Gowns Inexpensive.

The combination of simplicity and good taste is in general a pretty safe rule for children's gowns, but for girls between twelve and sixteen the dressmaker has become such ambitious little copies of those worn by their mothers that much of the desired simplicity is lost, particularly if the material employed is silk or wool. A pretty model is of soft wool fabric, which in color is an indescribable blending of pink and blue. The quaint little collar, which is the special feature of the dress, is made up of pink bengaline and trimmed with a frill of lace. The small yoke and lower part of the sleeves are of the same lace. The back is like the front, except that the collar is open where the waist fastens. The skirts fall and full, with two little crimped folds of silk at the bottom. Berthas of every shape and description, both double and single, are used on dresses for young girls. Double berthas, edged with lace or embroidery, are especially pretty for gingham and muslin, and make a nice finish for gauze waists. Another simple gown is made of wool in pale pink, flecked with green. The waist is of green bengaline, and over this a piece of the material is made to form a jacket, back and front alike. A berthas of green silk cut wide and full over the sleeves, and tapering toward the back and front, where it meets, finishes the jacket at the top. A belt and sash of bengaline complete the trimming. The sleeves are of the regulation leg-of-mutton shape, finished at the wrist with silk cuffs. Crepons, china silks and challises are popular materials for young girls' wear. The challises are particularly pretty this year, with a little dot of silk in them to brighten the effect of the flowering, and they are always serviceable, because they wash almost like cotton cloth. Cashmeres are fashionable again for very young children. —N. Y. Sun.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands of baking powder in the market, in their reports placed the "Royal" at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

In Cookery.—She—"So you are engaged to one of the Musgrave twins? How can you distinguish one from the other? He—"I don't try to."—Home.

"Now, as to the degree of justifiable homicide," said the eastern judge in charging the jury, "what is where a man is killed in self-defense or in college."—Plaindealer.

Verano—"Do you regret the past?" Concluded Counterfeit—"Oh, no! it's what I like best that I feel bad about."—Tribune.

The Appropriation Exclamation—"What! You a literary man and have not read the 'Heavenly Twins'?"—I haven't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When a man's in debt there's no concealing it."—"There ain't it?"—"No; the first time a man comes with a bill on him he is sure to be found out."—N. Y. Press.

The United States supreme court decides that beer does not belong to the vine or spirituous family of liquors. It is merely a soda-water. —Philadelphia Ledger.

"I am sorry" Midge is going to marry a man she cares as little for as she does for Mr. Dash. "All right. Does she admit that she dislikes him?"—"Just as well; they never quarrel a bit."—Inter Ocean.

Flossie—"Do you know the ten commandments?" Dan—"Now, but I'll bet my brother Peter can take 'em one at a time as 'tick de last fellow of 'em."—Inter Ocean.

"I consider your seat much beneath me," said the weathercock fowling to the one in the barrow. "You're a vane thing," was the quick reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

A CLEVELANDER in the neighborhood of Nottingham was complimenting a tailor in his parlour repairs which he had done for him. In the course of the conversation, he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to London—they make them there." Before leaving the shop, he inquired: "You're a vane thing, aren't you, church?"—"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon, I go to London—they make them there."—Home.

Extreme, Chronic, Torturing Cases of NEURALGIA ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE.

TRAMP—"Will you please give me ten cents, sir, to go to London for my case." "There's a nickel. Beer is better than whisky for your stomach in the morning."—N. Y. Press.

"They've each got a touch of bromatone in their tempers."—"It's that so? Then ought to make a good match."—N. Y. Press.

Few people can stand prosperity; but they are legion compared with the people who never have a chance to stand it.—Pack.

Doctor—"You cough more easily this morning?" Patient—"I ought to; I practiced all night."—Halo.

Rich Auld—"It seems to me as if you only came when you needed money." Poor Nephew—"But I can't come often."—Halo.

Ordinary beer is sold by the barrel, but sold by the glass when you need money. It is not disposed of by the butt.—Philadelphia Times.

Looking at it in a practical way a congenial soul is a bottleful of will agree not to eat unless you can get a drink. —Achilles Globe.

Almost every woman weak and would like to know what some other woman has got to be so proud of.—Achilles Globe.

Chas. Heaton, 79 Laurel St., Phila., says—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S."

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE \$3 AT LEAST A DAY? If so, send for particulars of "PARVO."

Article which will make you rich, fountain pen. Sample by mail, 5 cents. THEO. S. MEYER, 142 Nassau Street, New York.

HOW TO BUY REFRIGERATORS. The name of the brand is not important. The quality is. Buy the best. Lastest, largest, grandest refrigerators. Send for particulars. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GOOD LUCK STAMPING OUTLET. Powder, fuel, and a copy of Home Monthly on a stamp. Send for particulars. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A N. K. E. 1497 WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.



If the following letters had been written by your best friend, and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming as they do, from well known, intelligent, and trustworthy citizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them. The subject of the above portrait is a well known and much respected lady, Mrs. John G. Pierce, residing at No. 31 Chapin Street, Cambridge, N. Y. She writes to Dr. J. C. Buxton, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalid Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was troubled with eczema, or salt-rheum, seven years. I doctored with a number of our home physicians and received no benefit whatever. I also took treatment from physicians in Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Binghamton, and received no benefit from them. In fact I have paid out hundreds of dollars to the doctors without benefit. My brother came to visit us from the West end, he told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He had taken it and it had cured him. I have taken ten bottles of the 'Discovery,' and am entirely cured, and if there should be any one wishing any information I would gladly correspond with them, if they enclose return stamped envelope."

For a while I saw no change or benefit from taking the 'Discovery,' but I persisted in its use, keeping my bowels open by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and taking as much outdoor exercise as was possible, until I began to gain in flesh, and gradually the disease relaxed its hold. I took during the year somewhere from fifteen to eighteen bottles of the 'Discovery.' It has now been four years since I first used it, and though not using scarcely any since the first year, my health continues good. My average weight being 150 to 160 pounds, instead of 125, as it was when I began the use of the 'Discovery.' Many persons have reminded me of my improved appearance. Some say I look younger than I did six years ago when I was married. I am now forty-eight years old, and stronger, and enjoy better health than I have ever done before in my life."

Yours truly, J. C. Buxton.

Thousands bear testimony, in equally strong terms, to the efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing the most obstinate diseases. It cures every organ into healthy action, purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and, through it, cleanses and renews the whole system. All blood skin, and scalp diseases, from a common blotch, or eruption, to the worst scurvy are cured by it. For tetter, salt-rheum, eczema, erysipelas, boils, carbuncles, gonorrhea, or thick neck, and misshapen glands, and swellings, it is an unequalled remedy. Virulent, contagious, blood-poison is rid of the system by the "Discovery" and by its persevering use the most tainted system renovated and built up again.

A Book on Diseases of the Skin, with colored plates, illustrating the various eruptions, mailed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of six cents for postage. Or, a Book on Scrofula, Diseases of the Blood, "Perverse Secretions," "White Swellings," "Old Sores," or "Ulcers," mailed for same amount in stamps.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

Colchester Spading Boots ARE THE BEST

THE BEST RUBBER BOOT ever invented. It is made of rubber and leather. The outer or top extends the whole length of the sole from the heel, protecting the shoes, and catching dirt and other work. It is of quality throughout. Ask your dealer for the full particulars.

10 Shaves for 1c. A cake of "YANKEE" Shaving Soap costs only 10c. It is enough for 100 shaves. Used for over 50 years by over 50 million men.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES are custom work, costing from \$1.00 to \$5.00. They are the best in the world. Name and price stamped on each boot. Take no substitute. See local papers for full particulars. Write to W. L. Douglas, 100 N. 10th St., Boston, Mass., for instructions.

IF CHRIST COME TO CHICAGO. By W. T. BROWN, the master of the art of the great city. 100 N. 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humors, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken. When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause sickness when taken at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Use one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

David International Hand Cream Separator. 1500 to 2000 capacity. Every Separator guaranteed first class, and for cash. Write to David International, Chicago, Ill.

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Jail Birds Recaptured.

Charles Smith, Charles Desmond and Frank Brown, three suspected crooks run in at Mayville a few days prior, made a bold dash for liberty Friday morning. While working in the city quarry they suddenly attacked guard James Nolan, overpowered him, took his gun and pistol, got his keys, and removing the balls and chains from themselves bound and shackled him, and then fled, after blinding three other prisoners, to keep them from giving the alarm. The crooks crossed into Ohio, but were pursued and recaptured by Police Judge Wadsworth and Policemen Stockdale and taken back. They talk of prosecuting the two officers for kidnapping. They have been identified as belonging to Cincinnati.

I have two little grandchildren who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I give them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle of this remedy cured me. When I was in my hours I was out of bed and doing my housework.—Mrs. W. L. Dunagan, Bon Aqua, Hickman county, Tenn. For sale by John M. Rose.

For Seizing at Old Glory.

While Samuel Courtwright, an old veteran of Valparaiso, Ind., was decorating his residence with flags and bunting William Hampton, of Owensboro, and Orlando Merritt, of Lexington Ky., expressed their displeasure by cheering for Jeff Davis and the southern confederacy. They were warned to desist, but continued their cheering and interspersed it with other remarks. Warrants were issued for their arrest. They entered a plea of guilty and were fined and sent to jail for 11 days.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Ind., are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading druggist of the place. This remedy has proven of so much value for colds, croup and whooping cough in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to do without it. For sale by John M. Rose.

Frankfort Convicts Escape.

Wednesday night Allen Lee and Hayward Mitchell, two "trusties" engaged in the penitentiary engine room at Frankfort, made their escape by scaling the walls, and neither has been captured. Lee was sent up from Letcher county for house-breaking, and had already served three years of his four year sentence. Mitchell went from McCracken county, and also had less than a year yet to serve.

Some time ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to use the remedy and all speak highly of it.—Simon Goldman, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by John M. Rose.

Atsworth Free.

Colonel Fred C. Atsworth, chief of the records and pension division, war department, indicted for manslaughter in the case growing out of the Ford's theater disaster at Washington last June, in which more than a score of government clerks were killed, is now free. Justice McComas ordered the indictment quashed. This is the second indictment against Atsworth which has failed.

If the hair is falling out or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Renewer is just the specific.

Oldest Freemason Dead.

Captain Nathan Peters, the oldest Freemason in the United States, died at Amesbury, Mass., on Thursday last. He was born in Goshen, N. H., in 1803 and joined the Masonic fraternity in 1828. In early life he was one of the pioneers in cloth making, operating a plant at Haverhill, Mass. His later life was spent quietly upon his farm at South Hampton, N. H.

Suit to Recover \$40,000.

Wood Browning, of Cincinnati, has brought suit in the Fayette circuit court against ex-State Treasurer Stephen G. Sharp and Lieutenant Governor M. C. Afford for \$40,000. This amount the plaintiff claims was lost by him in a deal at Middletown through misrepresentations on the part of Capt. Sharp.

I will pay in CASH 10 cents a pound for nice, fresh butter, and 84 cents per pound for good hams, delivered at the Academy House, Wm. H. CORB, May 16, 1894.-tf

Killed His Tenant.

Garrett Donovan, nearly eighty years old, a prominent citizen and farmer living near Minerva, in Mason county, fatally shot his tenant, Squire Cabler, Friday morning with a shotgun, loaded with buckshot. Cabler is forty years old and has a family. It is a deplorable tragedy.

FOR SALE—A fine horse and harness, in first-class condition, suitable for this country. Very cheap and on easy terms if sold at once. Inquire at the HERALD office. 84

Colored Democrats Called to Meet.

C. H. J. Taylor, president of the Negro National Democratic league, has issued a call for a convention to be held in Indianapolis the 24 of next August. The sessions will last at least three days, and will be private except to delegates and those securing admission by ticket from the president.

Most Powerful and Wonderful!

C. S. Shain, of Pryor, W. Va., writes that his wife was relieved by two bottles of Dr. Fennor's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic and completely cured of all her

Complication of Ailments

by eleven bottles. He says: "Who is sound and well. She had been an invalid from childhood. It is the most powerful and wonderful medicine I ever knew."

Dr. Fennor's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic never fails. It is a Sarsaparilla-Mandrake-Prince's Pine Alternative, Nerve Tonic and Restorative Compound.

Cures biliousness, headaches, constipation, dyspepsia, irritability, sleeplessness, "the blues," swelled glands, "All blood impurities, skin diseases, scrofula, acne, disordered "dull anarchy," "tired," stomach and bowel disorders, blotches, pimples, moths, syphilis, Impairment of nerves, offensive breath. It does these great cures because it physics from the blood, liver and tissues all the impurities, "ashes and debris" as it were.

Without weakening but all the while strengthening instead.

It causes the Liver to throw off its Bile. It cleans out the entire alimentary canal, stomach and bowels alike, ridding them of all effete, offensive and slimy mucus, worms and other vermin.

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